A

Modeſt Enquiry

Addreſs'd to the

BISHOP

OF

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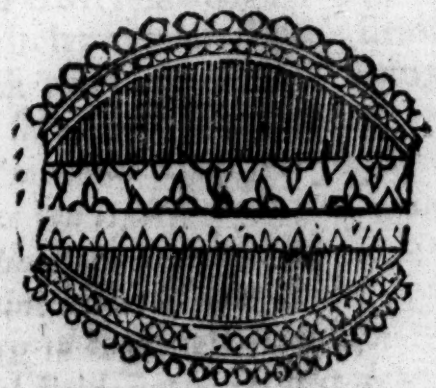

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A

Modeſt Enquiry, &c.

TO judge, *my Lord*, from what you've writ,
You really ſeem a Man of wit;
Perhaps the Compliment is rough,
A Biſhop ſpurns ſuch idle Stuff;
Offended with familiar Strains,
That twitch a careleſs Poet's Brains:
Yet think the Compliment unmade,
If you're like many of your Trade,
If high Promotion damp your flight,
And make you liſtleſs when you write;
If vile Ambition can controul
The genuine luſtre of your Soul;
Learning to Lazineſs *ſubmit*,
Or *formal Pride extirpate Wit*:

But confident your Merits run,
In the same tenour they begun:
I beg you will unfold a Text,
Which labours in a Brain perplext;
With patience hear a Novice speak,
And condescend to help the weak.

Explain, *my Lord*, why should St. *John*,
Define the Road to Heav'n, *but one*?
And that, *So narrow and unev'n,*
It cannot be the Road to Heaven!
For *Levites* certainly go there,
And yet by various Roads repair:
Some go on Foot, some Coach, some Horse it,
Some go by *Walpole*, some by *Dorset*.
Some by the Queen's Road, some the King's,
Some creep like Snales, some fly on Wings,
While some the narrow Path pursue,
Believe St. *John*, and follow you:
Besides, *my Lord*, *a narrow Road*,
Would ne'er contain so vast a load,
Wou'd it not look extreamly odd,
To see a Bishop squeez'd and trod?
To see *inferiour Parsons* mix,
And justle with his Coach and Six.

Consider too, *What Man alive*,
On such a Road, a Coach could drive!
To *Court*, what Bishop can approach?
Much less to *Heav'n*, without a Coach!

They love to jogg an eaſy rate,
To travel ſlow, and march in State,
Eſpecially when (ſtrip'd of Pow'r)
They travel to their *final Hour*:
They take their Journey with delay,
And love to loiter on the Way,
Encline to bate at ev'ry *INN*,
And ſink beneath a load of Sin:
Nay, ſo exceſſive is the load,
'Tis certainly a Turn-Pike Road,
Whoſe ſmoothneſs muſt befriend their pace,
Or *They* wou'd never reach the Place.

My Lord, when I Addreſs to you,
I've no malicious Ends in view,
With innate Gall perverſe, to rail at
The awful Office of a *Prelate*,
For 'ſpight of Malice-*Calviniſtick*,
The *Thing* is ſolemn, ſound and myſtick,
And we have *Biſhops*, even here,
To holy Saints approaching near:
But why ſhou'd Saints (like *Mills* and *Brown*)
Be jumbled with *Kilmore* and *Down*?
To free the righteous Man from ſtain,
Expoſe the hypocritic *Train*.

For, Is it decent to behold
Such *Levites* enter on their Fold?
To hear them, after ev'ry *Trick*
They practis'd for a *Biſhoprick*;

GOD's ſacred Houſe, ſo very meek in,
Proteſt— *It was not of their SEEKING!*

Whoſe Conſcience wou'd the *Thing* not ſhock,
To ſet ſuch Wolves o'er JESUS' Flock!
The Brethren, who have twice their Senſe,
Stand by and take a juſt Defence.

Apicius, when you fill his Plate,
Proteſts, *He can no longer Eat*;
Has left no room, eat ſo much Mutton,
Cram'd to the *Throat*, and muſt unbutton,
Yet ſtill proceeds upon the Tarts,
The Children curſe him from their Hearts.

Not *Miſers* to their Shillings run,
Not *Prodigals* to be undone;
Not *Goſſips* to firſt cut of Cheeſe,
Not *Lawyers* to receive their Fees;
Not *Pope* from Perſecuting Riff Raff,
Not *Welſted* from purſuing Tip-ſtaff;
Not *Doctors* e'er the Patient die,
With as much haſte and vigour fly,
As Modern Clergymen to fawn,
For ill got Wealth, and dear-bought Lawn,
So very eager they purſue it,
And proſtitute Religion to it;
While ev'ry Levite leaves his Charge,
To hunt it in the World at large.

But tell me, you who soar on high,
Who read the secrets of the Sky,
How will such wand'ring Souls entreat
An entrance at the heavenly Gate?
Will bowing low Absolve their Sin,
And Peter *rise to let Them in?*
Will he be civil as the Guard
That waits without in the Court-yard?
And bid the Rabble that approach,
Fall back there—— for his Lordship's Coach?

Suppose a Bishop of this sort,
Summon'd before a rigid Court;—
Summon'd to the *tremendous Throne,*
To make his Life and Conduct known;
Will it avail him there to Plead,
(That while his *Clergy* wanted Bread)
He heard them Knock, but barr'd his Door,
And us'd Them as he wou'd the Poor?
Or while he cropt his Church's Fleece,
Was charitable to his Niece?
For others wrote his * *Fishing-Book,*
Fishing himself with *Golden-hook*;
As *Peter* fish'd with Nets and Rods,
So he with Guineas caught his Cods:
A Prophet must for Honour roam,
So he resolves to leave his Home.

* Bpp. D——n.

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He would not o'er the *Goſpel* trample,
But by the Apoſtles took example;
Yet They, too zealous for the Church,
Left their own Kindred in the lurch.
From this corrupted Text we break,
And rectify the grand Miſtake,
Leave *Samm* and Daughter in good rank,
And do exceeding well by *Frank.*
What think you, *B*——y, will ſuch Plea,
Excuſe Them on that dreadful Day?
Will earthly Friends ſufficient be,
To nominate Them to their SEE?
'Tis true—! A Monarch has the Pow'r
To Mitre ten in half an hour;
But is it to a Monarch giv'n,
To place one out of ten in Heav'n?
For, how that *Vice* ſhould keep her Court,
Where ev'ry *Virtue* ſhould reſort!
How dire *Ambition* e'er ſhould find
To ſit with lowlineſs of Mind!
How bluſhing *Modeſty* ſhould grow
To *Impudence*, her greateſt Foe!
How *Charity ſhould barr the Door*
With Avarice, *againſt the Poor!*
Are things moſt knotty to debate on,
And only known to ſuch as *C*——.

FINIS.

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